I'd Buy that for a dollar!

Volume I, Issue #5
March / April 1997



I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR

Volume I, Issue 5 March/April 1997

WARNING!! The following texts contain discussions and editorials that use the word "PUNK" in them. If you are easily offended by the word, put this back ASAP!

The Un-Punkinest Kid In Town:

Not too long ago I woke up and realized I was not punk, which was odd because I had a hangover. Not only that, but I was a bit strung out because I hadn't gotten much sleep, and before that had used a caffeine IV to keep me awake far past the time I should have been asleep. It was hard to find out exactly what it was that made me realize I was not punk, so I tried to focus long enough to remember where I was.

I was in the room I was "renting", and it was a disaster, as per the usual. To my imediate left was a stack of books, the same books that I used to think were books that punks would read. On my walls I had a fliers for shows that I either attended or wished I had, and I seem to remember that there were punks there. A quick glance at my musical selections confirmed what I had thought before; the music I listened to was what I thought was punk music.

If I had been mistaken on all of that stuff, then what was it? Why am I not a punk?

My pants I was still wearing were dirty and ripped, and my Converse were more travel worn than a pair should legally be allowed. Not only that, but I had reserved part of that day to work on my own 'zine. Now if that wasn't punk, I didn't know what was.

At this point in the morning, I had to stop being sarcastic toward myself and start being real. All of that shit doesn't amount to a hill of beans in the real world. Fact was fact, and the fact was I was not punk. No real surprise, when you think about it, because I never really have been. But why did I suddenly notice it now?

And thus began my mid-life crisis at 21, and consequently, this issue. The thought that I never was punk, or that I never will be is so frustrating, because most of what I spend my free time on is punk-related. I know that the one thing we all need now is, "another tired debate on what punk is," but in a way it made sense to me. Why do I listen to punk bands back to back with Spinal Tap, David Bowie and Uncle Toupelo? Why do I go to these shows at Icky's one day, and then the mall the next? Why do I find stuff like Cometbus totally blowing my mind, and yet can calmly and rationally open up any Douglas Adams book I own and enjoy it just as much?

In my case, the arguement of what exactly punk is is, to an extent, pointless. The Punk that I feel I am not, and am having such a problem with not completely connecting with, is not any of the punk that many people so radically defend. I can't find myself in any way connecting to the beliefs of the Political Punks that were originally spawned in the smoke and ashes of the Sex Pistols, "Great Rock And Roll Swindle," so to speak. On the other hand, I really don't feel any like kinship to the Fashion Punks that so litter the mall I work at. Aside from us all owning a copy of the above mentioned Sex Pistols release, the similarities seem to end then and there.

To me, the aspect of punk that I so desperately feel a need to bond with is that of the openness to new ideas, the willingness to accept that people have their own opinions and ways of doing this, and the ability punk has at connecting people to one another based soully on the fact that they have one our two common interests.

So why was I not connecting to this? Punks are probably the one group (as big as it is, considering most of the factions), that could care less about such things. They really don't seem to care if you dress one way or listen to certain types of music or have a job or don't have a job or whatever. They are probably the most open group of people that I have ever encountered. So why am I having trouble feeling connected to them?

The reason I wanted to have a "Punk Is..." issue of my 'zine was to try to give people, and myself, a chance to try to figure out what exactly what we think Punk Is, and how we cope with it being at all, or in my case, how I have trouble feeling connected to it when I wish I was. After all, to everyone, it must mean something else, and this

seemed to be the most interesting way of getting other people to talk about something I've been thinking about a lo lately.

It should be worth it for subjective readers to see what we come up with.

--G.M. 3/30/97





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Front Cover *by Austin Rich*. Back Cover *by -O-*. Art and Text Layouts *by G.M.* Collage On this page *by G.M.* (**EXCEPT** High Priestess Piercing business card, provided *by Ocean*); Jack Pollack's **"Space Fighters"** may not come out perfect, so for anyone who got a bunk one, I'll mail you free of charge an 8 1/2" by 1 version; Collage within **Randon Pages** *by Austin Rich.*

Special Thanks to the Comstock household; Colin Hicks; Shane Who Continues To Have No Last Name (Regardless Of What Anyone Says); Lyra, Ocean, Janeeka; Chris & Cheryl; Shayna; And The Bookstor

If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be convey via xeroxing, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

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PLASMA WHORE by L. Cyst

Okay ... so before I got my shit together and went to college, I used to work alot of shit jobs. I'd get fired or quit all the time, and then I'd have to sell shit and scrounge for money to make ends meet. It was pretty fucked up, especially because the apartment I was trying to keep was the world's shittiest quad. The manager lived above me and he used to bake me cakes and leave flowers for me in the kitchen. Fuckin' crazy shit, lemme tell ya! Anyways, I was trying to keep the quad because I was too old to be homeless and I couldn't sp'ange anymore cuz I was too old adda yadda yadda yadda. What was the point here? Oh yeah.... keeping the quad.

It was August of 1995, and I was shit outta luck. I'd sold all my pretty goth clothes, all my comic books except my Tank Girl comix that were to thrashed, all my books, most of my CDs and tapes, I even bummed money off the guy I was screwing at the time. Too bad he was broke too! Anyways.... I decided there was nothing left to do but go donate plasma.

Good 'ole J Mar Biologicals! More scary white trash junkies and cute, smelly punk boys than you can poke a stick at! I went through the 3 hour screening process, and then they hooked me up to this machine, promising me 25 bucks within the hour. I was so happy! This meant I wouldn't have to shag my scary quad manager for my lack of rent money! And I was gonna get a cup of juice and a cookie too; could life possibly be any better? The nurse began poking at my arm, looking for somewhere to stick that huge needle.

I have shit veins, and I realize this. That was why I could never be one of those ultra-cool heroin junkies. So, this woman is poking at my shit veins, with an unfavorable look on her face. She finally looks at me and says, "Ya know... I don't think this is gonna work. Your veins aren't big enough."

This was <u>not</u> what I wanted to hear. I'd already been to LCC and gotten free clothes and then sold them to Second Thoughts downtown. I needed that 25 bucks and I had no other options. I got a crazy look in my eyes, the look of a desperate woman. "Look, I've got really good viens in my feel," I began. "Why don't you just take the plasma from there?"

I have never gotten a look quite like that in my entire like. She looked at me like I was a retarted male midget who was trying to expose his weiner to her, but was too stupid to open his fly. She sneered at me, and squinted in an evil way. "WE do not take plasma from FEET!!" she spat.

And then they booted my sorry ass outta there. I was pissed; plasma is plasma! What does it matter where it comes from?! Fuckin' assholes!! Then I got really depressed because I'd been rejected by J Mar Biologicals; that's really sad. The moral of the story is that I'm a loser.

By the way, punk is having the nickname of "drippy" for a good reason.

piece written by -O-

Ya know, I really don't believe all this talk that punk ever existed. Media hype and all that shit plays everything up so big. In the late 70's and early 80's punk culture might have existed, however under a different form. Mostly alcoholism and strung out junkies too busy taking a bath in their own drool and feces. And as far as punk music is concerned, they're all aliens impersonating humans and trying to addict the youth to drugs and music just to control the world. What they don't realize is that humans evolve. If they knew that we were once fish they would have used fishing hooks, not punk culture. Unfortunatley a hell of a lot of people have adopted this culture and yell "punk rules" way too much. Granted I've got about 30 piercings, a red mohawk, and combat boots and I don't consider myself a punk for the simple fact that I don't believe in aliens, and if I did, they'd all look like Claudia

Schiffer, wearing a giant halibut on her head reciting every other line from Caligula, and drinking Orange Juice, and voting Jessie Jackson for president, because he's obviously an alien as well. However, since that is not the case, I'll just be content waltzing to Bad Religion in my BVDs consuming large amouts of alcohol, and pondering punk culture and it's similarity to Hippy culture.

The Fast Food Whore: A Documentary Of Insanity

by G.M.

Monday. June 10th. 1996. 12:32 A.M.

I was sitting outside of Taco Bell™ today about an hour before I was supposed to clock on when Aaron, one of the other crew members, showed up on his skateboard. I had made the 30 minute bike ride w/ few complications, & though the allergy medicine hadn't kicked in yet, I figured that it was only a matter of time.

Aaron sat down & started smoking a Dave™ cigarette. I was smoking one to.

He said, "I can't wait until I get off work tonight."

"Why?" I asked.

"@ 6 A.M. I'm catching a plane to Colorado to visit my family," was his response.

"Well, have fun," I said, faking a hint of actual concern.

"I will man, 'caus I'm gonna be stoned the whole time!"

I've noticed @ Taco Bell™ that everyone seems to have a fixation w/ smoking pot. I really don't understand this fixation, but then again that's just me. I looked up @ him & said, "Okay."

There was silence for the remainder of the cigarette, & as he got up to go inside I noticed that he had a KAI pin on his bag (K.ids A.gainst D.rugs). I was going to say something to him, but I figured that it really wasn't worth it.

Today was another 3 hour shift; there really wasn't a whole lot going on. I had woken up @ 1 P.M., & took my time getting to work. I've got exactly seven more days of work before my next day off, & @ work I began to get more & more frustrated w/ the fact that there really didn't seem to be much point in being @ work today. I mean, I was getting paid to be there, but what else brings me to work each day? It can't be the job satisfaction because there is none. I could really care less about pleasing the idiots that show up to work to get food (or the ones that come to work there, too). I really hate the corporation of Taco Bell™. I don't see any reason to help them out. Why do I do it?

Obviously it's the money, but there must be more to it too. Maybe it's the free Mountain Dew™ fringe benefits. Maybe not. I'm a little gone on antihistamines today, so I really can't be much more articulate than this. I'll expand on this idea later, I hope.

More work stuff: today a woman came in through the drive through & said, "*[Crackle Crackle Crackle]* I *[Crackle]* want *[Buzz Zzzzt]* 4 *[Static Fuzz Garbled]* packs of *[Crackle Crackle]* tacos." Well, my head was all stuffed up because of the antihistamines, & I wasn't quite sure what she said. So I repeated to her, to make sure I had it right, "So that's 4 tacos?"

She sounded slightly irritated & said, "No, *[Buzz Buzz Crackle]* I want *[Fuzz Zzzzt Crackle]* 4 *[Garbled Noise Crackle]* packs of *[Crackle Crackle Zzzzt]* tacos."

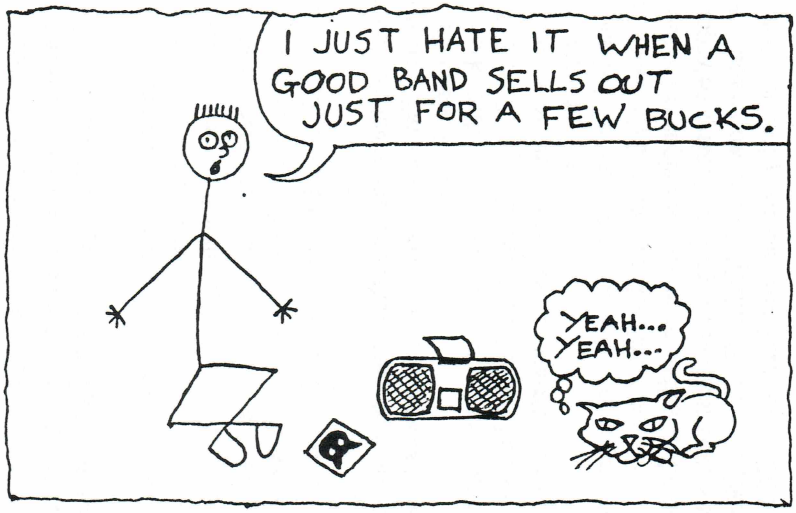
The roar of her engine & radio were adding to the noise this time, & I still couldn't quite make out what she was saying. I repeated again, "I'm sorry, I can't hear you, was that 4 tacos?"

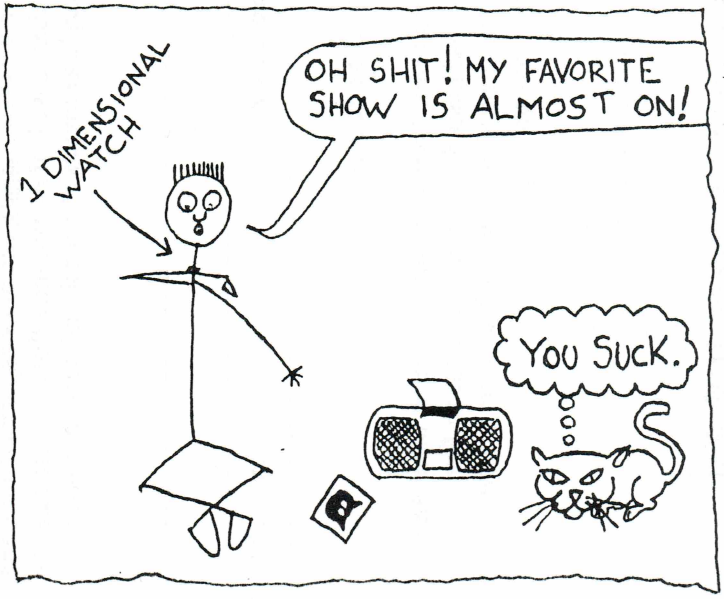
She was upset now & said, "*[ZZZZZZZT]* NO. *[Noise, Crackle Fuzz Buzz]* I want *[Crackle Zzzt Buzz]* 4 TEN PACKS {very loudly} *[Crackle Buzz Fuzz]* of TACOS!"

StiCK-FIgUrE

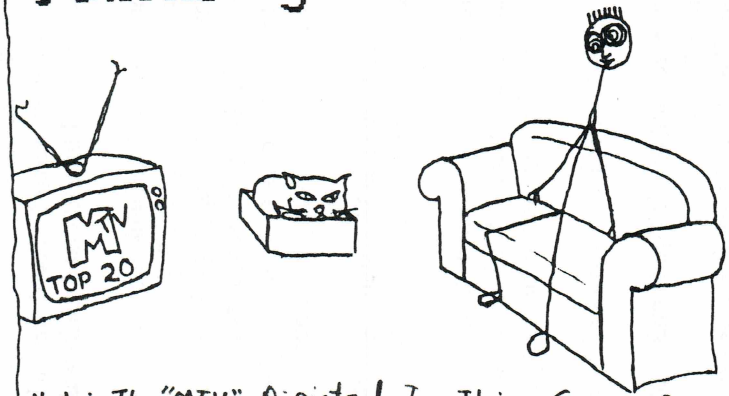
Story By : Austin Rich & Shane







Pencils By : Shane



Note: The "MTV" Dipicted In This Comic Bears No Relationship Of ANY Kind to "MTV." We WouldNt dare steal a great name like that, would we?

@ Taco Bell™ we don't have the discounted ten packs of tacos anymore. & I still couldn't hear her, so I told her that we didn't have ten packs of tacos anymore, & asked her if she wanted 40 tacos.

She was really mad now & said, "FINE! *[Buzz Crackle Zzzzt]* I'm pulling forward *[Crackle Crackle Zzzzt]* now!"

Everyone in the store were scurrying around the store trying to get 40 tacos made.

When she got to the window, I wasn't taking her money put she eyed me angrily & expressed how upset she was w/ the service @ this Taco Bell™.

Sometimes, people just don't make any sense. I told her that I couldn't hear what she was saying, & I was kind & courteous to her & didn't say anything rude to her, unlike what she did to me. Does she think that because I've reduced myself to working @ Taco Bell™ that I also want people to be rude to me?

I don't know, maybe I just have that look in my face.

I was leaning today & the manager decided to punish me today. My punishment was to scrub the baseboards near the drive through area. Boy, I was really sweating on that one. When she uses the term "punishment" I get the creeping suspicion that maybe I'm not getting paid for what I do. Maybe they're scamming me on my pay checks because of this. Or maybe that's just the way Taco Bell™ is. I thought about this on the way home, & was very glad to tomorrow, I get to work @ the bookstore.

Just Innocent Questions

by Speaks With Thunder

Punk, huh? You talkin' 'bout those folks who took over the streets of Eugene last summer, sitting around trying to look scary and asking everyone for money? Or are you talkin' about the dudes (yeah, I know some of 'em) with the technicolor hair and old beat-up guitars? Or just suburban kids who hate their parents and pretend to be streetwise? Or maybe... 1970's working-class Brits fed up with stuffy English society and trying to be individual in the industrial age...

Hey, I'll admit it. I'm speaking on this subject mostly from observation, not experience. So I've probably got more questions about it than answers.

Like: Do you have to be an asshole to be a punk? Or can a guy with a mohawk and jewelry á la High Priestess Piercing open the door for a little old lady? (I've seen it!) Can you be an anarchist without being a punk (I am!) and are all punks anarchists? Is there something just a little bit oxymoronic about a punk vegetarian? And what about the Ramones? How can both the Ramones AND the Butthole Surfers be punk? Or are they?

To help me with this conundrum, I turned to my best friend and housemate, Chris. He's been there and back. And boy did he have a lot to say...

"Back in my day..."

by CAM

In the 1970's and early 1980's, when you saw someone wearing a leather jacket, they deserved a certain amount of respect. They didn't get that thing by asking Mommy and Daddy for it as a Christmas present. The boot they wore were surplus army boots, not hundred-dollar Doc Martens.

Then it became... "fashion." And parents were buying this stuff for their kids!

The leather jacket I wear, I earned. It took years, but I got that thing myself. I've spent most of my life poor. Being "punk" to me actually has nothing to do with music or fashion. It's a way to vent frustration. I'm

almost 31 years old. I go to work in "nice" clothes (not a suit/tie - NEVER) but I still wear my leather on top of `em, and my boots are still $25 army surplus. I wear these with honor, and I think I've earned the right.

When did punk become fashionable? When did combat boots become Doc Martens? When did individuality become passe? When did street brawls get replaced with drive-by shootings?

I was incredibly unpopular in high school -- mostly cuz I was poor, I wore combat boots and a plaid shirt hanging out and... wait a minute, does that sound familiar to you? Yeah, cuz it's friggin' trendy now. "Grunge" was named and disappeared in the Pacific Northwest before it even arrived anywhere else, and believe me there are a bunch of kids all over the country right now who still think they're being "rebellious" by listening to Pearl Jam. And whaddya' got in Eugene? A buncha' folks walking around looking like they fell off the Grateful Dead helltrain, ended up roadkill, and got picked up by Heavy D. What the hell is that?

What is "Punk" today? In prison, punks are the fem-boys everyone fucks up the ass. In hip-hip gangsta circles it just means you're a wuss and a jerk. Some people think it's music. Some people think it's what you are if you're homeless but dressed in leather... When all it was ever about, since the beginning, is a way to deal with having to live in an imperfect society. With being an individual in the crowded city. My final word is this:

I've been wearing military surplus boots almost every day for 15 years. I go to work and pay my own bills. I have never asked for a dime on the street. I listen to industrial music and Celtic folk music, techno and even pseudo-alternative radio. I do my own laundry and wash my own dishes, and even take a shower now and then. The last bowl I smoked was the summer of 1992, probably about the same time some of you were starting to do drugs. The last brawl I was in was November 17, 1985; some of you might have had a babysitter that night.

I'm a punk.

Red Hair + Toungue Piercing + Tight Jeans = Gay

by G.M.

Dedicated To Sierra, With Apologies In The Event I Offend

Let me set the scene for you: I'm at Sandino's. I briefly mentioned last issue about how I did not know if this new Sandion's was a new era in coffee seeking youths, but to catch you up on that, it is a throwback to the old place with the same name and menu. Not only does the Jukebox have A-Ha and The Clash on it, but there was one Erasure song thrown into the mix back to back with "Dreaming" by Blondie, every great '80's song ever recorded can be feasably heard in one sitting. The "small" order of french frys is the only order of frys anywhere I can never finish, and the large comes out in courses (with the option of melted cheese on it!). Let's just say that at the point, even if the coffee was black coloured water (which it isn't... this shit is strong!), it already wins the hangout spot in late night Eugene after Kinko's.

So it has been a long day, right? I had been cleaning a goat barn earlier, had every kind of traditional (and non-traditional) meal I ran into offered to me (for free), and had ever hurt my back in an attempt to pitch hay in a cool way you always see in the movies. I was beat. I called Jack who was more than willing to fuck around for a while (and give me free stir fry! Can we say way cool!), so we trotted over to Sandino's for some coffee and (you guessed it) french frys.

Eventually, many of my little circle of friends show up, and we're BSing about this and that, and I'm showing off my recently dyed red hair and toungue piercing because I can. That's the scene, and that's where I was when she walked up to me.

Or rather, I couldn't really tell if she was a she, or if she was a he, but either way, she came up to me. She was wearing a backwards baseball cap, a flannel shirt with a pot t-shirt underneath, baggy jeans and sneakers. I'm

clad in my usual gear, and I saw her make a b-line from the table she was at with about three other people, all of wh I thought were guys.

"Do you date guys?" she said.

Now, I'm a little strung out. I'm tired, I've been up since 8 A.M. it it was close to 2 A.M. I'm strung out on coffee, and I've ingested more food in one day than I have in quite some time. I looked straight up at her and said, "What?" Again reiterated her previous inquiry as to my dating practices with men.

This threw me off guard. I should be used to it by now, though, because nearly every single friend I know is waiting on the edge of their seats for me to come out of the closet. It's frustrating sometimes to have that kind of presure from all your friends who all claim to be bisexual, and yet have never done a single thing about it since they decided, but this isn't about the fashionably gay club, this is about me, so I'll get back on track now.

I thought I'd say something somewhat witty for god knows what reason, and failed by saying, "Not regularly." There was a definate disappointment in her when she said, "Damn," and walked off.

Everyone had a good laugh. After all, I had just finished telling them about some encourters I had had in Portland with two men who seemed to find me attractive (for the deets on that one, read next issue). No matter how I dress or act or what, I seem to emit this aura of gayness that no one else I know can do well without a skirt and eyeshadow.

This got me to thinking: why am I not gay? Or rather, why do I seem to protray all the vital signs of being gay, and yet am not? That, I can't answer. But even my assistant manager at the bookstore once accused me of being gay because I showed no interest in a stripped copy of Playboy she offered me. So what is it?

I've tried to fantasize about men, really I have! I would sit there and it would start out a guy, but just when everything would get to the crucial part, he would end up not having a penis and would mysteriously end up with other tell-tale signs of being female. I tried again, thinking, "Oh, she's just a hermaphradite." Still no luck.

It would be easier to be gay, I guess. I've been trying for five months to attract a girl and it hasn't worked, and typically I am to shy to just walk up to someone and say, "Excuse me, can we pretend I just used a really smothe line on you and skip straight to the part where you give me your phone number?" But in the five months that I've wanted to attract a girl, I've gotten numerous offers from guys. Why? What is it?

I guess there's just something fundamentally wrong with me. To make up for it, I'll try fantasizing about Keanu Reeves tonight for a change of pace...

Rant

by Rowan

I've just been sitting here stewing in my juices for the last few weeks of mindless blather that seems to surround me, usually discussing 'whathufuc' punk is! This is slight compared to the complete puddle of hell that surrounds, "What is alternative," but after a point, you just want to pickle EVERYONE!

No! I won't discuss the arguements! I've already heard them, so have you, so has my father's pet parakeet! Fuck it. I've come up with a simple solution to stop the questions: carry a gun. Want less simple, more elaborate, more gore? A slingshot and a bagfull of glass marbles filled with 5 mol. hydrogloric acid?!! More? Ever see Hellraiser? A room full of large fish hooks on chains with a ball launcher; the chains being attached to random cars in the parking lot, just for that element of surprise.

What if you should happen apon a simple ignorant rather than someone truly annoying? 1st --> Unlikely. 2nd --> Watch for key phrases. "She's so punk," "He's so punk," "What's with the hair?" "You've got what pierced?" "You call this music?" Depending on the circumstances, any and all of these are valid. In any case, the point here is if you are wondering, "Is that punk?" it is! If you aren't, it isn't! If you're wrong, you're stupid! Just keep your yap shut because no one wants to hear it!!!



It's Not Fair...

by G.M.

I was busy humiliating myself at The Pretzelmaker, wishing I had a gun and permission to shoot customers, when she walked up to the counter. I hadn't seen her in a long time, and she threw me off my guard. I immediately put on my defensive attitude, which was always my problem when I was around her, and said, "Don't laugh!"

"I wasn't going to laugh," she replied in her best not-quite-a-giggle voice. "I saw you working here and I thought I'd say hi. Since when did you..."

"Not too long ago," I snapped. The manager was looking at me. I knew that I was sounding a little stand-offish, so I said, "Uhm, I'm really busy right now. I'll give you a call."

She smiled and said, "Okay," and left me puzzled, and more upset. If I was working at my other job, at least I could have talked to her. But I was even unclear on that point. Did I want to have an extended dialog with her?

My manager told me to go out and hold up and stupid tray of really stupid pretzel samples and ask all the really stupid people if they wanted any of them. A few minutes after I stooped to this even lower form of degradation, she came back by and swiped a sample while a customer was talking to me, thus preventing me from even trying to talk to her. On her way back, she had a bag of chocolate covered esspresso beans and she was munching on them. No stupid customers were around so I was going to say something, but before I could she

pushed one of the beans into my mouth.

My eyes met with hers and for a second I was reminded of the days that we used to date...

She was my first girlfriend, and technically I was her first real boyfriend. I guess, if you counted my best friend at the time seeing her for about a week, then I was her second boyfriend, but at the time I was unaware that Steve had a way with words that enabled him to talk his way out of and into a lot of situations. Being her boyfriend, even for a week, was one of them.

But then we went to a dance, and then a week later we were seeing each other. And she was my first. My first kiss, the first girl I spent the night with. I imagine that if it weren't for certain circumstances, she would have been my first in other areas too, but in my stupidity I gave that right and privilege to some one I'd rather not remember. But, back to the point. She was my first girlfriend and I was on top of the world.

We actually got along rather well. There was only one major problem in our relationship at first, and that was that her friends didn't seem to like me, and my friends didn't seem to like her. Typical. We both grew up being outcasts even among friends. I guess it really shouldn't have stopped after we met each other.

We dated for a year and a month, if I remember correctly, and in that time a lot happened. I was two grades ahead of her in school, so I graduated from High School, started college, got kicked out of my house and got my first real apartment in that time. It may sound like the average life for some, but for me I was stressed out. I have never, even when life was easier, been able to handle more than a few responsibilities at a time, and the thought of paying bills, being the technical guardian of my brother at the time, going to school, working, and trying to have a social life was driving me crazy. I started to just go nuts.

It was around here that I really started to abuse our relationship. Of course, over time I've tried over and over to come up with, in my head, a set of circumstances that acutally made sense to me that I never once actually tried to remember what actually happened, but I'm sure that I was a pretty big jerk and I deserved what I got.

By the time I saw her at The Pretzelmaker, I had thought about her pretty regularly, and though we had seen and talked to each other and communicated in the meantime, I constantly felt as if there was a sense of there not being a final end to our relationship. I may have just forgotten it intentionally, but when I left for Oregon City way back when and she stayed in Cottage Grove after our break up, we both seemed to have a lot of feelings that never got tied up, and weather or not the were good of bad was not the point. The point was they needed to be taken care of.

When I got home from the Pretzelmaker that day I called her and asked her if she wanted to join me for coffee that evening, and she accepted. If things got hairy, I had also arranged for other friends to show up. I didn't intend to be rude or anything, but I was planning on telling her how I felt about the way things ended way back when, which could have created some potential problems. But the entire time we were alone I could not, for the life of me, bring myself to say anything. Not even a simple, "You know, I really miss you... even after all this time." I chickened out. At the very least I wanted to say, "I'm sorry." But I couldn't even think of a way to say that. How do you bridge a conversation like that when it's almost four years old?

Eventually my friends showed up and she left (again, typical of our seeing each other), and I was left with a sour taste in my mouth. It wasn't fair that after all this time she could make me feel so empty inside. This time I intended to finally tie off the tubes that she left open when she broke up with me, and instead I started noticing how they were empty and that was what was really bothering me.

I tried to forget about it and just go one with my life. There are hundreds of girls in Eugene. I'm smart, I'm mature (now), I'm doing (somewhat) reasonable on my financial situation. That should have made me pretty elligible, but of course in reality none of that works.

After months, I got the courage to call her again. I figured that I'd meet with her, we'd talk, and eventually I'd broach the subject. "Do you remember back when we used to date? Well, I really did some stupid shit. I said a lot of stupid things and I did a lot of stupid things. And when I left... and even after I moved back and started living in Eugene... I still really cared about you. All this time I've been thinking of ways that I could let you know that, though things can never be the way they were again, I know I was an asshole and I really wish I had done things differently. Hopefully, we can at least be good friends." I'd probably throw in a few more, "I'm sorry,"s for good

measure.

Well, I was late meeting her at IHOP. And again I chickened out. But this time she was more open with me about her life. She gave me more glimpses of what she's been doing and what she's been up to this whole time. All this time I had become so concerned with me getting over this whole situation, and trying to patch things up with her, and it suddenly dawned on me that she had probably already done that for herself and didn't even need to have the situation brought up again.

Again, this was par for our relationship. She was always better than me at getting things done.

I sat thinking about her, while I let my mouth run off about things I'd done in the last few months. I told her about friends that we had known from back then and I talked about band stuff and I talked about anything but what was really on my mind.

Before she left, she asked me to go on a walk with her, and I was suddenly lost for things to give my mouth to say. I wanted to just turn it on automatic and hope that I could hold a straight face while I told her how I felt, but it was too late. There really seemed to be no point.

I walked her back to her car and I tried not to follow her with my eyes as she left. I knew that I would just start quoting Han Solo when the hyper drive stops working. My eyes watered up a bit, but I dried them. I walked into IHOP and sat down with some friends that had come in a little before we went for our walk. In the back of my head, my favorite Wipers song Han would have liked drowned out the noise of the resturant...

/----------\
The ME and Jamie story Part I by -O- |
\----------/

"Ocean. OCEAN!" Those were the words I awoke to the morning after. After what you ask? Well first off, let me give you the skinny on the night's events. Picture a dark (not stormy, just dark) night. Sex in the air, and me on a 10 strip. My goo friend Jamie sitting right there w/ me. Sitting around the house, starring at the walls and being extremely bored. Somehow Jamie got this strange idea about going onto the roof of his single wide trailer house, and throwing rocks at chickens. I knew he was strange, 'cause only about a week earlier he fed me his dog in a gravy sauce (seriously). Anyway, so we crawled onto the roof, pockets full of rocks, and all the determination of a Japanese animation ninja. We both took aim and I could hear the "Mission Impossible" theme playing in the background. I fired, ended up hitting the pump house. Oh well. Jamie's turn. He winds up for the pitch, comes back, and well, Jamie fell on his ass on the only weak part of the roof and falls through. I peer through this hole down at Jamie, mutter the words, "fuck it," and jumped down after him. SLAM, there I was. Jamie couldn't do anything but laugh. Me either. After 20 mins of this we came up with another idea. Trash the trailer! Jamie was being evicted, and I had nothing better to do, so a trashing we will go!

We started off by carrying the refrigerator to the bathroom and set it on the crapper. Next Jamie took his bayonette to the wall with the master bedroom on the other side. As soon as he was convinced that he could see through it we moved on to the next room. I grabbed the tatto gun and procceded to tatoo a giant Penis on the ceiling, while Jamie made a pentagram on the kitchen floor with lighter fluid, then lit it. I freaked and went into action hero mode and threw myself onto the blue blazing inferno to extinguish it. After that Jamie punched a hole into the Freon canister of the air conditioner with his bayonette. It was then I realized 2 things. 1--Freon and lenolium make a great ice skating rink and 2--Freon fucks you up! It got so bad we had to go outside for oxygen. As soon as the air cleared Jamie changed the needle in his tattoo gun & got his ink together, meanwhile I set up the stereo, put 1 speaker (12" woofers) on each side of my head and relaxed. Jamie started to tatto an anklet on me and I realized I forgot to turn on the stereo. So I grabbed Skinny Puppy's Too Dark Park, turned it up to 10, and faded into the carpet. And that's how I woke up to him screaming my name. It's kind of redundant but stay tuned for the ongoing saga of ME and Jamie.

/----------\
| by Mistress Bloodcock of Terminal Amnesia |
\----------/

....So there I was sitting on the bus in Portland, head phones on and listening to the Resident's album "Duckstab." I remember it like yesterday. Song number 3, a strange rendition of an Alice in Wonderland poem, and thinking about cheese. No, seriously cheese. And I came up with a theory. What happens when you stick a dead tree in a cold dark cave? It molds. What happens when you stick a corpse in a cave? It molds. What happens when you stick a block of cheese in a cave? It molds. Therefore humans are cheese, and cheese is a naturally occuring life form able to feel and love. Which brought up another thought. You can answer any question with either of these 2 things... Cheeseburger & Hemoglobin. As I passed 132nd and Powell St., I realized I'm so punk.

/----------\
| material subbmitted by Random Lien Sane |
\----------/

The Theatre of the Absurd -- a term used to describe plays in which traditional values are shown as unable to fulfill man's emotional and spiritual needs. Human experience is seen as chaotic and without purpose, and man is often depicted as a victim of technology and bourgeous values.

- -

In my Mind's eye.

The jagged Peaks of sanity
pierce thru the haze
Distorting all I see

Fits of emotion soothe
troubled mind at rest
Fire is alive!

Wax figures replace
the company I've kept
the balance tips nicely.

Pain smears reality
wax melts
the statue weeps

It's lonely in here.

The jagged peaks of sanity
pierce thru the haze
Distorting all, I see.

A transient's antics
perplex and confuse
disrupting enforced stability

the natives are restless
unrestrained expressions of self
raving in dark recesses.

"A mind's not supposed to!"
and other such nonsense
remove all pretense

Change is the pressure
vent and let go
Else, never ye will grow

The jagged peaks of sanity
pierce thru the haze
Distorting all I see.

mist swirls chaotically
altering lucid visions
a cacophony of images

Warning! Malfunction!
Sensory Overload!
This unit in need of repairs

another tramatic transformation
in the instinctual struggle
To break freefrom this flesh
from this caccoon.

Flitter!
Flitter!
Flitter!

Rebel Double sideways V Wing Fighter

TAPE

1. Cut out the Puppets!

Fold Fold Fold Fold

Holy Shit!

TAPE

2. Fold wings as shown, roll tape and stick wings to hand.

Tape

WHAT A SHOWMAN!

Make Your Own * Space Fighters™

WOW!

Hand Puppets!

Death Invader attack fighter

COOL!

FUCK!

3. Place explosive debrise in palm of hand and make fist.

Debris

4. Tape Death Invader solar panels to sides of fist as shown.

Explosive Debris!

Imagine what you can do with a Bic!

* Space Fighters is a trademarked, copyrighted and reserved property belonging solely to Jack Pollock and Shefco Worldwide and bears no relation whatsoever to Star Wars. Star Wars is a copyrighted and licensed property which is making a few people very rich. Neither Jack Pollock nor Shefco Worldwide can be a part of that gravy train and besides we don't want to. We've got Space Fighters! Any perceived similarities between Space Fighters space ships and Star Wars space ships are due to the fact that we are following strict astrophysical principals which cannot be deviated from and just because Star Wars chose to follow them too is not our fault. You can't copyright strict astrophysical principals you know.

Punk simplified.

Punk is (was)

A bunch of bored kids. Little or no politics, just boredom and sometimes mind altering substances.

I am not punk.

-kisu

14 Reasons To Be Miserable by Shayna

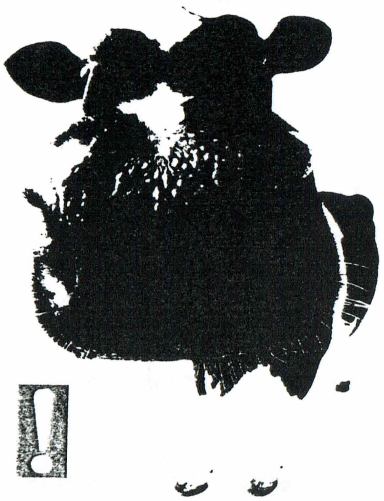
(1.) Kevin Bacon
(2.) Scrunchies
(3.) The Gateway Mall
(4.) The Eugene Bus Station
(5.) Shiny Shirts
(6.) Doing Laundry
(7.) Rain
(8.) Allergies
(9.) Losing Stuff
(10.) People That Hate "Wayne's World."
(11.) Whiny Goth Girls
(12.) Puke On Your Bathroom Floor
(13.) Poodles
(14.) Ex-Boy/Girl friends

Yey! by G.M.

It was raining and I was tired and hungry and I was happy. Happy that the world had thrown me a loop when I had given up on people, happy that I was penniless and still had things to accomplish that day and happy because I still had one cigarette left.

One reason to continue our drab, wretched lives (as Tom Lehrer would have put it), is because sometimes people you haven't seen in a really long time that you been thinking of lately will run into on the bus, and you'll both have tattoos to show off that are still fairly fresh and both relatively cool in an emo sort of way. Then you'll





The Far Side

The Bible study takes place during school time. In some instances it involves nearly every child in the classroom. The children who remain behind occupy themselves with independent study or homework.

THE CUD THAT COWS CHEW ON IS CONFIDENCE

SUNBATHING





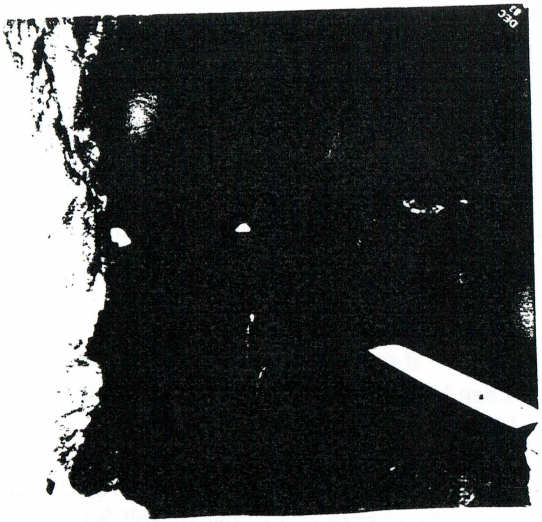
"Jaws dropped, and there was complete silence": Hawkins.

It's okay to tell the skinhead that putting his Doc Marlens on your face hurts your feelings. But don't mosh near steroid-enhanced individuals whose blue shirts read "Security."

Call of the Mild



Desert Storm



J

IF YOU THINK IT LOOKS IMPRESSIVE HERE, IMAGINE HOW IT LOOKS ON A RESUME.

SERENGETI.

JOOP! JEANS
JUST A THOUGHT.

3

WELCOME ABOARD!

exchange phone numbers with plans to go watch a movie and you will the next day, and it's a really cool movie that you have never seen let alone heard about, and it makes you that much more confindent in the fact that if the world is going to shit, at least movies like this get made.

Then you walk over to Sandino's, and you share a pot of coffee and talk about gradeschool and other common experiences, including the shitty job you both had a Wendy's. Then you'll walk all the way over to her house and talk about all the kool ideas you have for t-shirts and pins, and then you'll try to sleep, strung out as hell on allthe coffee you drank, trying not to think about how early you need to wake up, but rather how much fun you had.

The next day you wake up and you're lying next to your friend, and you both reach out to touch each other. and you realize at that moment that all the world is shit, and everything is going no where, but at least you're happy in a roundabout surreal way. You spend the rest of the day wondering if random things like that happen to everyone, but you probably don't think too hard because you're happy that you have gotten little sleep, and won't get to eat anything for another 20 minutes.

Eventually, you realize that not everyone would appreciate something like that, and you smile your 1,000 smile that day, disgusting everyone you know.

Landmarks (by The Soylent Green): I've been thinking a lot lately about all the neat places to hang out in Eugene. A lot of people complain about how Eugene sucks, there's nothing to do, etc., and in a way I just want to beat people like that up. There are lots of neat little landmarks and hang out spots that I've found to be much more relaxing than any traditional place would be. Anyway, since I've been thinking about it a lot lately, I thought I'd list all my favorite hang out spots, Eugene oddities I enjoy, and other stuff about this town I like. (New Paragraph) Kinko's wins #1 for Eugene hang outs, first off because as long as I've lived in this town, there has been the Unwound sticker on the lamp post outside. They also have the best music (all classical, all the time), free water, a bathroom, and a phone. How can you beat that? (New Paragraph) As far as coffee joints are concerned, there are only two now, and those are Sandino's (as has been stated numerous times within this publication, hint hint) and IHOP. But it has to be the IHOP on Franklin, the "house" IHOP as we call it, cause it looks like a house to me. No where else is the coffee shittier, and many an inspiration has been sprung within that building. (New Paragraph) High Priestess Piercing is cool too, mostly because the employees are nice, the music is employee choice (and you can often coax them into changing it), the reading material is awsome, and you get to see people get pierced. What more could you want? (New Paragraph) Now that the weather is better, there is the park that I love to sit and read in over in the Blairish area, I think it's on Broadway and Adams (not completely sure), but it's got this huge structure on this hill, then a play area for kids, and finally, the bathrooms that look like halodecks when you're dosed (always a plus). (New Paragraph) Anyway, there are a ton of other places I could plug, but mostly these days the only place I really enjoy is outside, s. I predict that the punkinest place in Eugene will be anywhere outdoors this summer. Over and out.

Advertisement

by G.M.

Over the next year or so, WANC Records and I will be producing a cassette for release ONLY with an issue of "I'd Buy That For A Dollar." Ironically, that issue will have to cost a little more than a dollar, but for consistancy's sake the name will remain the same. It will contain songs by many local bands, but so far no one has committed themselves to the project.

I would like to request submissions for the tape. Everything will be used unless we get too many submissions, in which case I'll have to hold them over for another tape. But we will use anything you've got. The quality doesn't have to be great. Just run off a copy of anything you've got and send it on over to the same old address as this publication. If you've got more than one song you'd like to submit, feel free, I'll use them all. What

need from you is the name of the song, the name of the band, band member listings (if you want them), recording / production information (if you want it), and an address so we can contact you (If you want, we'll print that in the tape inset too). This tape is not restricted to any style of music, and the criteria for appearing on the first tape is first come, first serve. So be quick about it.

This Time I've Gone Too Far

by G.M.

Punk is not mohawks and saftey pins. Punk is not beer and squats. Punk is not, "I owned this album in 82,"and, "I saw this show at Icky's." It isn't even an attitude, style of dress, way of living, or a styple of music for that matter.

Some people think it's some, all, or none of those things. Some think punk is dead.

I don't. I think it's alive and well, in some abstract way unknown to me at the moment.

I don't know exactly what punk is, so if you are waiting for me to say something to that effect then ask for your money back. All of they previous stories and articles are 100% accurate... in and of themselves, I imagine. But I'm still no closer to finding what I was looking for in that aspect of my life, nor am I any closer to actually being a punk.

I've always know that I'll never be a true punk, or that I ever have been. My fascination with the culture has always been hard to justify to anyone, including myself. Why do I buy the tapes? Why do I buy the books? Why DO I even bother?

I guess, for the most part, It's because in that respect I can participate in something that is larger than myself, larger than all the people and bands & publishers, larger than the sum of it's parts. Who really knows what punk is anymore? My grandfather things it's an insult toward unruley children. Does the average homeless junky with the typical anarchy patch and wellfare check have all that much in common with Steve Ignorant, or Jello Biafra, or John Lydon, or me?

Not really, but through that one word with the extremely blurred definition, even if it appears that I'm not punk enough to belong to any one part of the "family," at least I have a chance to connect somehow.

Now that I think about it, I guess that's all it ever really meant. Being a part of the group, being part of something bigger. It must be only natural to feel as if you don't belong to anything when that's all you've known your whole life.

I guess I could go on, but there seems to be little point. I could try to explain the inadequacies and difficulties one encounters in life that scar them forever, and make them feel so dienfranchised in the long run (5 points in pretentiousness scrabble for me!), however there are millions of texts on the subject, and thought I wish I did, I was not the first and I will not be the last to try to get this point across. I just don't have the strength to describe this universal sensation to someone, let alone the anyone's that are reading right now. All the good words have been used up, and all the good sentences have been written.

Whether or not they can understand, we are the products of a reality where like forces combine to create something larger than itself, larger than the base components.

For me, the only force I have my common bond with are those who don't fit in.

A sad note to end on, and a stereotypical one at that, but it's a step in the right direction, at least I think so.

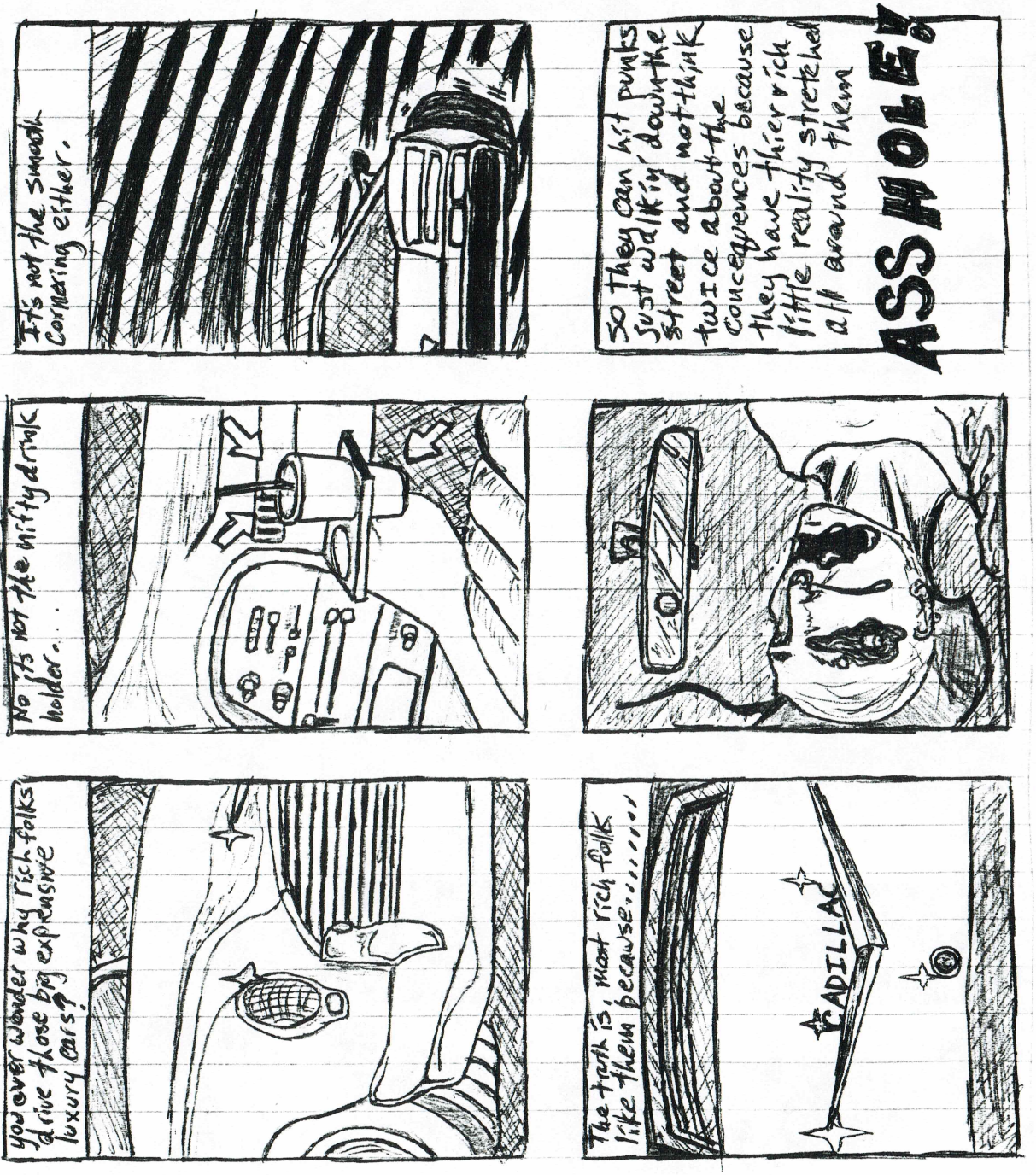
I promise, next issue will be less emo, less depressing, and more funny. I hope.

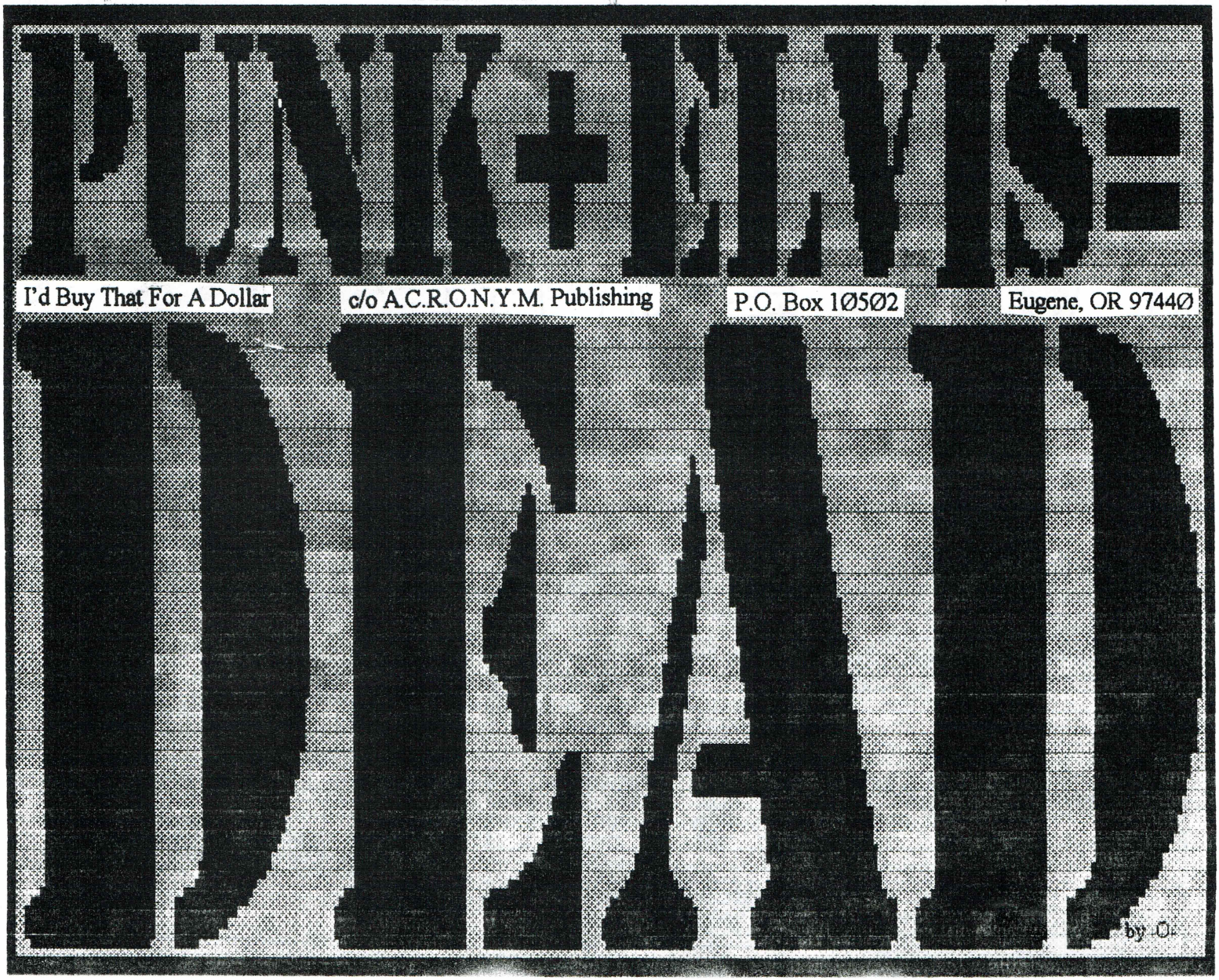
Next Issue: Spring Break in Portland. Need I Say More?

LITTLE WORLDS

by: Ocean

NOTE: This comic is meant to immitate life. The events are factual. If you have a gripe about the rich bastards who control society please send letters to A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. P.O.Box 10502 Eugene, OR 97440




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